



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

When Thro' Life Unblest We Rove.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608](#)

shin - eth thy spi - rit, there li - ber - ty shin - - - eth too.*

WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

Slow and with feeling.

When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear,

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. PAUL, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy-hood, meet our ear,

Oh! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,

Kind - ling for - mer smiles a - gain In fa - ded eyes that long have wept.